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# WINDER MER E,

## A POEM.

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[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

ИАПАДИСИЕМ

МНОГА

ГАЛУСИДА ОДИЕМ

# W I N D E R M E R E,

## A P O E M.

By JOSEPH BUDWORTH, Esq.

16

AUTHOR OF

A FORTNIGHT's RAMBLE TO THE LAKES.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,  
(SUCCESSIONS TO MR. CADELL,) IN THE STRAND.

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1798.

# W I N D E R M E R E

## A P O E M

By JOSEPH SUMMERS, Esq.

## ЧО ЛЕНТУІ

42

## A FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE to the LAKEs

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PRINTED FOR J. GIBBINS LTD. AND W. DAVIES

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## WINDERMERE :

### A POEM.

FROM MOUNT BRATHWAITE.

WRITTEN " IN THE GLOOMY MONTH OF NOVEMBER."

STRANGER ! or friend !—or whosoe'er thou art,  
If Nature in thy nature bear a part,  
Together let us view the scenes around \*,  
An azure lake, with matchless beauties crown'd.  
Far to the North †, where rugged mountains rise,  
With snow-clad tops, oft buried in the skies—  
To nearer hills, rich with autumnal leaf,  
Where still some luckless fields are seen in sheaf :  
Yet, as the farmers view the drooping wheat,  
They hear their sheep in healthful language bleat ;

\* Another traveller is seen, approaching the summit of the mountain, from whence the prospect is taken ; and it is natural, under lively emotions, to prolong and heighten them by the sympathy of others.

† The jutting of Slape Scarr (a slippery rock), near Belle Grange, hinders a sight of the head of Windermere, and the high mountains :—even Low-Wood Inn, always an interesting object, is just cut out ; but you see the hill above ; and Saddleback, with snow upon it, which fell in October.

B

Their

Their fatten'd kine to other cattle low,  
 With all the grateful tenants of the brow :  
 Cheer'd by the sound, inspiring Hope prevails,  
 And well-earn'd profit turns *Justitia's* scales.

Let Man with humble thankfulness behold  
 The alter'd leaves \* their splendid charms unfold ;  
 Whilst the great Orb, in majesty displays,  
 The potent focus of meridian rays ;  
 The GOD of NATURE amplifies the scene,  
 And valleys smile, with ev'ry shade of green.

Let other climes their southern wonders boast,  
 Their wide-extended lakes, midst varied coast ;  
 The golden richness of the setting Sun,  
 The mellow purple †, when his course is done ;

\* Those leaves which had not enjoyed the warmth of a Southern sun were rich. The birch kept its golden leaves hanging on the twigs (like guineas), longer than any other tree ; but they were all bare by the close of this month.

† *Loutherbourg*, in his paintings, has not exceeded, in his purple glow of evening ; although, it has been said, by town-critics, that the Heavens cannot wear so crimson an appearance : but it is to Mr. *Farrington*, impressed by professional taste and a long residence, we are indebted for the chaste views of this divine country.

The

The soften'd fragrance of the evening air,  
That lulls the sad variety of care ;  
The mighty mountains, less'ning to the sight,  
Till lost, in the deep awfulness of Night :  
E'en snows eternal, and extensive plains,  
All !—all !—that vast magnificence ordains :—  
Be 't yours, advent'rous Britons, to admire,  
With that enthusiasm the scenes require ;  
Yet, ere we wish, in search of such to roam,  
View them in perfect miniature—**AT HOME.**

In *Troutbeck's* straggling dale, a mansion stands,  
That down the Lake a partial view commands :  
Young Northern herds the swelling pastures fill ;  
Each wing is cover'd by a wooded hill ;  
Near whose gay sides the silver Troutbeck \* flows,  
Scarce having left the spring whence she arose,

\* It has its rise near the summit of a high fall above Troutbeck Park ; on the other side of which, and at a small distance, another spring runs into Patterdale, taking in many others, and forming one of the largest feeders of Ullswater Lake :—a circumstance demanding remembrance—that one mountain yields a valuable supply to the two largest sheets of water in England. But the Troutbeck hills are considerably fuller of springs than any I have noticed.

Fed by fresh streams, she boldly rolls along,  
 And, fiercely rushing her rough rocks among,  
 Within the Lake's deep bosom quits her song ; }  
 Pleas'd to partake in her extended fame,  
 She yields her tribute, and becomes the same.

In Calgarth's \* groves, in undisturb'd retreat,  
 Learning and Contemplation hold their seat ;  
 Science unfolds the treasure of the mind,  
 And the heart softens what the head design'd.

Oh ! MEMORY ! † —thou intellectual guide,  
 Scourge to the bad—the good man's decent pride ;  
 That makes what was, an everlasting Now,  
 And fixes meditation on the brow ;  
 Twin to Reflection ! whatsoe'er thy name,  
 From a proud race of mental powers she came :  
 Thence grew those truths, in holy Candour drest,  
 Which warm with comfort the believer's breast ;  
 Tear from the scoffer's sting the deadly harm ;  
 Prove his untruths, and mildly sound th' alarm :

\* Bishop Watson's Answer to Paine is dated at *Calgarth*.

† If the apostrophe to Memory hath been read before in the European Magazine for 1791, under the signature of MILES, this is not to be thought plagiarism.

Strengthen

Strengthen the weak against the Deist's plan,  
" And justify the ways of God to Man :"  
Health to such truths, may they through climes  
expand,  
And like the " SACRED MANNA" feed the land !  
Religion is the only rule of life \*,  
To guard the public mind from lawless strife.

Oh ! for the powers to write the thoughts I feel,  
What the breast hath, but what it can't reveal !  
Such bursts of beauty break upon the sight,  
The roving eye's encompass'd with delight ;  
The heart is mellow'd, and the mind receives  
The bold impression which the prospect gives.  
There little mounts with mossy softness swell,  
By cultur'd vales, where peaceful cotters dwell ;  
Whose whitewash'd *homes* no study'd order boast,  
" Yet seem, though unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."  
Another knoll a new complexion wears,  
And higher still, a tufted slope appears.

\* See the last page in the Bishop of Landaff's " Answer to Thomas Paine's Age of Reason." This is not offered as a reference only, but recommends an attentive perusal of that invaluable book.

A haughty crag presents a mis-shap'd head,  
 But where the daintiest sheep \* are sweetly fed,  
 Treading their narrow walks with fairy press,  
 " Small by degrees, and beautifully less."  
 Where too-apparent barrenness is seen,  
 The beauteous clefts are clad in herbage green ;  
 Wild thyme, in cozie moss, her tendrils rears,  
 Whose little all of leaf the nibbler cheers.

Yon fine-limb'd beast, so statue-fix'd on high,  
 How blue between his shapes, that patch of sky ! †

His

\* The Herdwick sheep are very small, hardy, and lively ; and, like the red deer, will, in boisterous weather, feed on the side of a mountain exposed to the storm. They are in general healthy ; those not so, are, at the close of autumn, driven into meadows : the rest weather the winter, being occasionally foddered, when they become familiar with the hand that feeds them.—N. B. The flavour of this mutton is equal to that of the Welsh.

† Cattle upon the summit of hills, in fine weather, are singularly beautiful. Often, at mid-day, have I mixed amongst them, and shared in the pleasure a favourite pair take in harmlessly butting ; or in watching them while they clean each other ; but particularly in the tranquil action of rumination. The lids gradually drop in mastication, and rise as the food rises by the neck ; the tail, at the same time, angrily whisking away all insect intruders within its reach. I became acquainted with

His useful tail, with graceful motion guides,  
And sweeps the gad-fly from his brinded sides:  
The drowsy lids o'er half the eye-balls close,  
And prove the pleasure of the tranquil doze,  
Whilst joyfully he ruminates his cud,  
And turns the undigested balls to food.  
Whatever object fastens on the view,  
We're loth to quit, but zealously pursue.

Just o'er the island's point, so sweetly seen,  
The water is the only bend between;  
In a large field (whence oft the lark awakes),  
Rayrig appears, the *Ferney* of the lakes.

Wind then your looks above that rugged rise,  
Along whose base a cluster'd village \* lies;

with many herds, and frequently noticed particular beasts, at noon-day, in the same state. The eye of Benevolence with which they look upon all those who do not trouble them, must make the rural-minded man, as BURNS says of his "Mouse," almost think them "fellow-mortals." If you can make old people drop a tear, infants smile, cottagers give a hearty welcome, their children pull you by the coat, dogs follow, cats purr about you: if cattle allow you to approach them, sheep look bold, after fearfully passing; and if the robin-red-breast whistle a duet with you, then art thou a child of Nature.

\* Bowness.

You see enough, to make you wish to see  
The hidden lodgements \* of humaility :  
The ancient church, which but in part appears,  
Above the hill her turret steeple rears :  
Whose short-drawn aisle the richeſt glaſſ contains,  
Of Furneſſ Abbey's reverend remains ;  
Sav'd by ſome ſacred hands, in lucky hour,  
From faithleſſ Henry's defolating power.

Beneath the umbrage of yon lofty trees,  
Where cawing rooks have, long time, dwelt at  
eaſe,  
A white-rob'd house † is more than half con-  
ceal'd ;  
The fair-fac'd reſt, in modeſty reveal'd,  
The bulging ſmoke ‡, a fine celeſtial blue !  
Tardily mixes with th' etherial hue ;

\* Not military lodgements.

† The parſonage-houſe,

‡ Columns of ſmoke burſting out, from the proceſſ of char-coal-making, hanging on tops of trees, by the ſides of hills, has an enchanting effect ; and from a cottage-chimney, at meal-hours, you have the ſame, ſtealing upwards, in mi- piature.

A ſtriking

A striking contrast to the sights around,  
Of cots, of foliage, and the chequer'd ground.

Then let your thoughts to other prospects bend,  
Where Storr's\* sharp beak, with sightless Naiads  
blend;

Toil now aloft, now mentally retire,  
For new-seen features fan the poet's fire.  
Do, mark †! reflected by the glorious sun,  
Those oozing streams, o'er rockey smoothness run.  
Not all the blaze of lustrous diamonds rare  
Can with these nat'r'al brilliancies compare.  
The heath's dun shade, the lately-wither'd fern,  
The woods, all fancy, and the mountains stern,  
Display the aqueous gems in such a light,  
The orb which forms them only is more bright.

Now inward turn, far as the Lake extends,  
Whose lessen'd breadth with quicker pace descends,

\* From the Storrs, and above Bowness, you see the whole of the Lake.

† These reflections are of matchless brilliancy.

To where that rising structure \* boldly stands,  
And all around a bird's-eye view commands  
Of rugged mountains, of stupendous form,  
Whose savage foreheads frown amidst a storm ;  
Whence, to the South, with pensiveness survey  
The verdant surface of the boundless sea :  
For Ocean is a magnet to the eye,  
And makes the thought to distant regions fly ;  
The earliest dawn of life with joy renews,  
And all the intermediate *turns* pursues.

Northward, again, o'er noble mountains stray  
To yon projecting cape, which forms a bay ;  
Stretching his foliag'd arm †, t' embrace the fair,  
Whose constant pressures he delights to bear ;

Yet,

\* Upon Finsthwaite-hill, erecting in honour of the three new naval victories gained by the Admirals Howe, St. Vincent's, and Duncan ; and from its eminent command must be much resorted to in clear weather.

† Rawlinson's promontory ; not far from which, the river Cunsey, formed from Esthwaite water, empties itself into Windermere : a wear, near some iron-work ruins, by the river, hinders fish from returning, and renders that part of the lake famous.

Yet, to his aged parent, fondly clings,  
Whilst *Cunsey's* beck the double compact rings;  
For ever flowing, and for ever join'd,  
The lasting emblems of a grateful mind.  
Here, too, in spring, the angler takes his stand,  
And throws the silver line with skilful hand;  
The eager trout to sure destruction flies,  
Receives the barbed fate, and trembling dies.  
Not so the char\*, for they alike defy  
The tortur'd worm, or artificial fly.

But

famous for trout, which, in season, are by some thought little inferior to char. As the head of the lake was a Roman station, I hesitate not to think that we are indebted to the Romans for introducing this sumptuous fish. In Italy, char bears the name of Alpine trout. When luxury and success brought on the decay of the Romans, the nerve of ability was in force: and, with small difficulty, could invent vehicles of carriage. The distances of the lakes was not far from Italian or British ports; and the epicurean taste of those days was to be satiated, at any expence.

\* It is a remarkable circumstance, that char are never taken by bait; nor, by examination, can it be conceived on what they feed. In summer, they would be equally in season, could they be found; but they are then supposed to spawn, in the deepest parts. On the 10th of October last the first were caught, and in *this* very part of the lake. They may be sent fresh to London;

But humble boards must not expect to see  
 These dainty morsels of monopoly,  
 Without her venal hand-maid—*Bribery.*

Now do the close-mesh'd nets the deeps explore,  
 And drag the struggling victims to the shore:  
 Now view the Lake, whose placid bosom \* shows  
 The smallest twig that on her margin grows;  
 Th'inverted hills and mountains far and near,  
 From their own base all crystalliz'd appear.  
 But the reflection of the arch divine  
 No graphic powers could faithfully define.

No! not a fan of air the mirror moves,  
 But when a rustling leaf falls from the groves:

don; and are in such demand, that they are with difficulty procured:—but, char apart, the fishermen are civil, and give away large quantities of perch, taken in drawing for them.

\* The effect is, by many, thought impossible: but you have them from their very base: different-coloured clouds float above, even on a calm day, whose transparent reflection cannot be equalled:—and all the hills, and all the mountains, and all upon the face of them, are more distinctly seen than the objects which cause them. Trees on plains, by the sides of hills, on which cattle are grazing, when nibbling on, have the peculiar appearance of inverted walking, over the tops of branches.

Or

Or wanton wild-ducks \* on the surface skim,  
Shewing, by their long trains, how fast they swim;  
Or finny tribe their sportiveness display,  
And circles cause, till circles melt away.

Hark ! ere the horse-boat † opens to the eye,  
How gaily true the sturdy rowers ply;  
Whilst on her little stage she glides along,  
Tugg'd to the charm of many a vacant song :  
The magic tones of undulating sound,  
Through the calm air, from hill to hill rebound.

\* In a severe winter, I understand, flights of wild swans resort to Windermere. In October it was much enlivened by ducks, teal, and other water-game.

† The Ferry-house, just hid in trees; amongst them, the wild cherry, of amazing magnitude. Old George Robinson, who owns it, lost an eye from a potatoe, wantonly thrown at him, when young : and in working at his busines of a turner, three or four years ago, accident deprived him of the other. Through the humane perseverance of the Rev. Mr. Brathwaite, of Belmount, in February, he procured for him the ten-pound penion ; and, I remember, on a stormy day, rode to inform him of it. After crossing the ferry, on my progress to reside at Hawkshead, blind George was walking up Mount Brathwaite, with a little grand-daughter in each hand : this pleasing sight filled my thoughts with the idea of a patriarch, led by two cherubs into *Heaven*. George calls himself *overlooker* of what is going on, and gives daily attendance.

What,

What, though so still? when strong west currents  
blow,  
The whist'ling winds spend all their force below;  
By whose rough powers the spiral eddies \* fly,  
And wheel about in agitated joy.  
Perhaps, at such a time, a thoughtless crew †,  
Who felt no sorrow, and no danger knew,

Hurried

\* I have ~~purposely~~ visited the margin in a South-West storm; from the formation of the obstructing hills, the spray is raised up, and wheeled about in all directions. Those who have been at Gibraltar must have remarked, in a strong Easterly wind, this effect; but not to such a degree as on this lake, owing to the various shapes of the Western hills.

† It is handed down, that a marriage, about the year 1635, was celebrated at Hawkshead, between a wealthy yeoman from the neighbourhood of Bowness and a Sawrey of Sawrey; and, as is still customary in this country, attended with numerous friends: probably some of them were more than cheerful; and, in crossing the ferry in the horse-boat, to take the bride homewards, whether occasioned by an eddy wind, or from gaiety, by rushing on ~~one~~ side, the boat funk, and upwards of forty people, besides the bride and groom, perished. The reader's imagination can fill up what sorrow this catastrophe must have occasioned among a virtuous people, where almost every family had a relation, or, what is equal amongst such, a friend to lament. As ferry-boats never use sails, there cannot be danger in any weather, if not through fear or folly. I lodged at Hawkshead with a relation of the Sawreys, from whom I give this

Hurried 'midst tumults of the angry deep,  
Left agonized friends to mourn, and weep :  
The eye of Fate the sinking boat espied,  
And cruel Death the aid of man denied.  
Torn from their kin, from the world's pleasures  
torn,  
Thus perish'd numbers on a bridal morn.

In former days, when civil discord reign'd \*,  
And puritanic cant the realm enchain'd ;  
On yonder holme, so picturesque, so gay,  
Which, in luxuriance, meets the solar ray,

this report, and here seize the opportunity of acknowledging the attention received :—Two children, a little hand-maid and her brother, anticipated my requests. If my hat was in an upper room, they would fly ; and, with a hand apiece, present it me ; and often have I designedly given trouble, to see the glitter of eye with which it was executed.

\* The great holme (or island) belonged, during the civil wars, to the *Philips*ons, and was nine days besieged by a party of Republicans under Colonel *Briggs* : but, on the siege of *Carlisle* being raised, was relieved by a brother of the defender of it, who, from some remarkable exploits, was called *Robert the Devil*, and lost his life during the civil wars in *Ireland*. See *Burn's "Westmorland."*

The

The loyal *Philipson* a siege defy'd ;  
 Sound to his King, he scorn'd the conqu'ring side,  
 And, for the cause he fought, the hero died. ]

So may each Briton, to his country true,  
 Oppose what lawless Anarchy would do.

Now 'tis bedeck'd in rich, pacific charms \*,  
 And, like the dotted rest, the fancy warms :  
 In some, the Lilies of the Valley † grow,  
 And, midſt a wild of sweets, in ſeafon blow.

What parts are over-fine may please us leſs ;  
 Do not the Fair hide charms by over-drefſ ?

Whate'er is too extravagant, or trim,  
 Are not the gifts of Nature, but of whim :  
 For why ſhould prudish clumps detain the eye  
 From golden ſcenes, alas ! too ſoon to die :  
 Such ſhould on barren mounts defy the wind,  
 To ſcreen the ſaplings of too tender rind ;

\* Would to God all the world were ſo.

† Two ſmall iſlands are named *Lilies of the Valley* ; where, and on Little Holme, they are in abundance. *Ramp* or *Berkshire* iſland is immediately opposite me, and alone ; the others may have originally join'd the large one. *Ramp* Holme, ſtill woody, was a few years ago more ſo, from the spreading oaks which grew upon it : their loss a paltry ſhrubbery can never recompence.

Or,

WINDERMER.

Or usefully protect an infant wood,  
And murmur at the joy of doing good.

Yet, when I think of the retreating year,  
The heart could almost give the eye a tear,  
To see the islands, and the trees below,  
Whose beauties soon must be replac'd by snow;  
When but perennial verdure will be seen,  
With all the melancholy tribes of green;  
*Narcissus* like, our annuals rue the day,  
And fade to see their brethren drop away.

Hard is the soil, and rough the mountain's brow;  
But see yon spreading trees, how full they grow;  
Nor scions\* strong, nor swelling acorns fail,  
To clothe a hill, or fatten in a dale:  
Whilst the glad earth opes every pore, to be  
The parent of a verdant colony;

\* Since the commencement of this, upwards of 40,000 different plants, besides acorns, have been planted. The Rev. Mr. Brathwaite, of Satterhow, the liberal owner, spares no expense. The features of the hill, the constant verdure, the apparent falling of small rocks, unite in a grand effect; and, I do not hesitate to say, are unequalled by any object of the Lake; and as a scene in winter is unrivalled.—What a panorama might be taken!

Revives the old, and maturates the young,<sup>John 10</sup>  
 Fosters the low, and makes the sickly strong.<sup>John 10</sup>  
 Such is the recompence of useful deeds,  
 Whence, <sup>John 10</sup> soon or late, a sure reward succeeds.

Tear from its roots yon solitary yew \*,  
 Whose stunted branches discompose the view;  
 And, in its gloomy stead, put down a seat,  
 To screen the noon-tide wanderers from heat.

Let the stout ash, yon reverend hollies bold,  
 Still in the fissures their snake-roots infold;  
 Whilst berries bloom, inightly clusters red,  
 And from th' extraneous boughs the sheep are fed †.

\* Probably the yew alluded to is, ere this, cut off. Close on the right, whence I give these thoughts, is an ancient and invaluable yew. In winding up the new walk, you see the holly growing out of its centre, and over-topping the branches: the roots clinging, in twisted directions, round barren rocks, forcing themselves into the smallest crevices, in search of nourishment, and, finding it, throw the sap upwards; which forms, as it were, a door of protuberance, to protect the fibres in their retreat.

† The tops of branches of holly, the ash, and the leaves of ivy, are greedily eat by sheep and cattle. Cows yield an abundance after a treat of them.

Still let those ivys to their rocks abide;  
 Still spread their many arms both far and wide;  
 Still to their shapeless partners fondly cling,  
 And grace their features with perpetual spring!

Plant most the oak (Old England's native tree)  
 That makes us what we are—we ought to be,  
 Justly considerate for posterity:  
 SAINT VINCENT, DUNCAN, and the veteran Howe,  
 Tars; that have brought the hostile navies low—  
 Such should be guardians o'er the sterling oak,  
 To learn if saplings met the axe's stroke,  
 Or what new-planted for our wooden rock.

Let elm, the sycamore, and poplar tall,  
 Promiscuous flourish, not untimely fall.  
 The hazel, alder, and the weeping birch,  
 Are shaded contrasts to the spiral larch.  
 Hawthorn, in spring, preserves the callow brood:  
 In winter is their granary of food.

The pendent willow, trembling to the spray,  
 Must, to our minds, this partial thought convey:

As nurt'ring waters hurry to the deep,  
 'Tis not through grief, but *joy*, that willows weep;  
 Last in the spring, her opening branches bud,  
 And last whose leaves forsake the sable's wood.

If lilacs thrive, laburnums should be near,  
 The sister beauties of the vernal year.

Red-streaks remind us of our country toast,  
 Of whom Lancastrians enraptur'd boast:  
 Than their own *witches*, none more red and fair;  
 Or, than her num'rous sons more loyal are.  
 But plant not apples in an open grove;  
 Or any fruit, that little plunderers love;  
 For, like the feather'd throng, they think all fair,  
 And steal what ought to be the landlord's share.  
 Birds have a nat'ral right to all they take:  
*Man* often kills a tree for the fruit's sake.

Small rocks should sometimes rear a barren head,  
 Wind round a front, but spare the native bed.  
 Let Lauristhénès shew his hardy form,  
 Spread the full chest that blooms amidst a storm:  
 He fears not wintry blasts, but, as they blow,  
 Shakes from his laurel-head the drifted snow.

The bonny broom, so yellow late, still gay \*,  
Midst coppice ruffet has the life of May :  
Her flexible twigs to gentle zephyrs bend,  
Yet 'gainst the mightiest hurricanes contend.  
But, be ye cautious how this shrub is rear'd ;  
The seed afloat, your ground is never clear'd.

A wooded bank the periwinkle loves,  
For such entwine round *Esher's peaceful groves* † :  
Her taper leaves embrace a cheerful soil,  
And through the year in myrtle polish smile :  
When chilling flakes in gloominess descend,  
The tuberous flowers with fallen whiteness blend.

Oft, in broad clefts of venerable trees,  
The seat of fragrance and the food of bees,  
The chance-sown rose and honeysuckle spring,  
And round the boughs in festoon wildness cling ;

\* In constant verdure for seven years, and then perishes.

† Methinks I see *Esher's peaceful grove*,

“ *Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love.*”

I visited Esher in the winter of 1796 : the hill is covered with this beauteous plant ; and I brought home a stripping with two flowers upon it, which afterwards flourished.

The strawberry\* too, so grateful to the taste,  
 Low midst their roots upholds a humble breast;  
 Nods her small head to every passing wind,  
 And leaves its little *pathos* in the mind:  
 'Mongst which, with lib'ral hand, strew mignio-  
 nette,  
 Whose fleeting life is one continual sweet.

The bird which chirps, the darling robin's note;  
 What do they mean? but gratitude afloat.  
 The buzz of fly;—the hum of busy bee:—  
 The very worm—shall always interest me:  
 For those can never look too high, or low,  
 That much of Nature's works would wish to  
 know.

\* The last strawberry I saw, grew in the shelf of a tree, in a natural bed, that must have been fruitful in due season. It is not uncommon to see one tree grow out of the trunk of another, conveyed by birds, or the wind. At the top of the hill opposite to the shrubbery leading to Belle Grange, is a healthful lofty ash, rising from the bowels of an old large holly: the trunk is twisted by the opposition it has met with, until it has ungratefully burst open the belly of the parent which fed it; and stands a living lesson of ingratitude to those who choose to employ their thoughts on that monster of a subject; and, like many an ingrate too, is beautiful to behold.

Methinks

Methinks I see a new-born cataract \* roar,  
And down yon crag in virgin whiteness foam;  
The powers of ART a local stream beguiles,  
Nature repays the gift, and verdure smiles;  
Echo conveys the sound from vale to vale,  
And *Windermere* revibrates at the tale.  
But this (at present) only is a dream;  
The Queen of Lakes receives no mountain stream.

But I have seen, in Biscay's troubled bay,  
A braye ship labour through a dangerous sea;  
The rattlings break, the fails in shivers fly,  
And roaring billows heave her tow'rds the sky.  
Deep dives her head, the awe-struck crew discern  
A monstrous mountain prowling o'er the stern:  
But HE, who can whate'er he will perform,  
"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm;"  
Arrests the crash, and throws it to the main;  
True to the helm the vessel rights again:  
Yet, when the raging of the storm is o'er,  
The ficken'd waves swell haughtier than before.

\* By taking a level, a waterfall is found practicable, and is soon to be put in effect.

From lofty Skiddaw, and Helvellyn proud,  
The hills, like waves, irregularly crowd ;  
From savage Langdale, whence no tree is seen \*,  
To cheer the longing eye with healthful green :

The

\* Upon the crown of Langdale Pike, the circumference of which is about twenty yards in the centre, is a natural stone seat, and around it moss and small rock. Far as the eye can stretch Northward, you see Rassenthwaite water, in triangular shape ; and a white house, under Skiddaw, is conspicuous. The eye, returning North and by West, looks over the rugged mountains around Borrodale ; and beyond them Wastel Head is grandly prominent : due West, an immense scallop-shaped mountain separates Oxendale from Millfield-place, forming an irregular crescent : to the South, barren hills ; you may count eight, seeming to follow like waves ; whilst the Beeks gushing down have the sound of them. In the Fortnight's Ramble, I noticed both on Helvellyn and Skiddaw the resemblance ; but from those eminences much cheerful landscape intervenes. Here, all is terrifically grand ; and, wheeling around, not one solitary tree is to be distinguished. Blay Tarn, upon a mountain below, relieves the formidable view ; but how superior, to the East, have we Etter Water, taking the eye from Low-wood to the extremity of Windermere ; except what the High Ray hills, and others, hide from us : and, if it was not for haze (in that part only), the sea terminates the view.

Nothing can exceed the delight with which I look upon Windermere. Not a breath of air : my dial-compass points to half past meridian ; and Harrison's pike, and *Pica* Stickel, are below

The fox and wild marts from their caverns steal,  
And helpless fowls their pamper'd taste regale :  
There jetty ravens undisturb'd abound,  
Whose croaking notes the croaking rocks resound.  
The eagle wing'd from thence his lofty flight,  
And proudly built in danger's trackless height ;  
With eye of lightning circled round his prey,  
Then bore them to his craving young away.  
For many a lamb, but just as it is born,  
From the pain'd dam is instantaneous torn ;  
And many a sheep by feebleness opprest,  
That lays it down, poor thing ! but not to rest ;  
For hawks, and magpies, and the waddling crow,  
Deal to the quiv'ring heart the fatal blow ;  
Yet fight, incessant, for the vital prize,  
And din the air with sanguinary cries.  
Such are the tyrants on the mountains high :  
But still doth tyrant Man their arts defy ;

below me. From a memorandum taken on the spot, Nov. 9, 1797, on which day Skiddaw was covered with snow. The hills passed over to Langdale pike, abounds in foxes, *sweet* martens, and fulimarts (noted for their offensive smell), and give name to Mart Crag. There are plenty of grouse and partridges.

Watch.

Watch them re-stealing to their steep retreat,  
By risk surprize them, and by traps defeat :  
So, as of old, when wolves the woods o'er-ran,  
The rav'ous monsters were destroy'd by man.  
Though aliens now, in other Alpine climes,  
They denude the sheep-folds by their crimes.  
Soon must the *eagle* \* quit his native isle,  
Since daring man o'erpowers their strength by wile.

\* About three years ago, the last eagle that inhabited one of the Langdale heights was destroyed. I have met with the man who took it. Let down by ropes with a steel-trap, and a pike, to push himself from the rock until he fixing into the hole, which contained the nest; though a quarry-man, and used to eminences, he was some time before he secured himself in the cavity, which would have been in any other way inaccessible. Bushels of moor-game, and other feathers, were near the nest, and great quantities of bones. The day following, he found him caught by the leg. He was safely drawn up, sold, and exhibited alive at Hutton's Museum, at Keswick, where it is now to be seen, stuffed. By enquiries, I could not learn that *one* has been seen in the North of England since the above. In the yeaning-season an eagle is supposed to destroy a lamb a day at least, and consequently must be objects of destruction to the farmer. When a poor sheep is too sickly to help itself, ravens, hawks, crows, magpies, assemble about him; and, without strength to resist, they pick out his eyes, and eat him to the bones: or, if a lamb happens to lose its parent, the same enemies destroy him. In the islands, highlands, and other parts of Scotland, there is still plenty of them; and they commit great depredations; seizing and carrying off kids, lambs, and sometimes poultry.

Methinks

Methinks I ponder—*is to wait—by road ovah*  
 The just extinction of this noble host—*blow all*  
 As *Shepherds*, 'tis our interest to agree;  
 As *Men*, why should not they, like Man, be free?  
*be like man in right & now all or—owen on blsco aH*

Above the busy haunts of human kind,  
 I feel the love of Nature, unconfin'd.  
 A thousand kindred beings melt my soul,  
 Related to the Parent of the whole!  
 Heaven's breath, the elements, in constant round,  
 Fluid, or solid, form the foodful ground \* :  
 All creatures live together at one board,  
 Spread by the bounty of their common Lord.

A father taught me, in my earliest youth,  
 To bow with rev'rence at the shrine of truth;  
 The humble paths of humblest life approve,  
 And fed *our* hearts with universal love.  
 Still do I feel him grasp my hand, and say,  
 Just as he smil'd life's waning lamp away,  
 " The veriest speck which vegetates on earth,  
 " To mighty mountains of convulsive birth,

OMAINTION OF THE GREAT SUBJECT  
 \* *Tatay Basileuspon. HOMER.*

" Have

" Have the protection of th' immortal whole ;  
 " His word their fiat, and his will the soul.  
 " Th' Almighty He—is the great cause of all,  
 " Who lets not, unobserv'd, *the sparrow fall.*  
 He could no more—to Heaven's high realm allied,  
 Feebly he grasp'd my hand, alas ! and died \*.

\* I had his last grasp—his last blessings :—and, just before he  
 lost his speech—I see him now—he told me, in the words of  
 Addison to Lord Warwick—“ My son, see how a Christian  
 can die ! ”

**F I N I S.**



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 LANCASHIRE, AND CUMBERLAND.